Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may greeve him.
Sal. A kinder Gentleman treades not the earth,
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Baſſanio told him he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his returne: he anſwered, do not ſo,
Slumber not buſineſſe for my ſake *Baſſanio*,
But ſtay the very riping of the time,
And for the Iewes bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of love:
Be merry, and imploy your chiefeſt thoughts
To Courtſhip, and ſuch faire oſtents of love
As ſhall conveniently become you there,
And even there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous ſenſible
He wrung *Baſſanio's* hand, and ſo they parted.
Sol. I thinke he onely loves the world for him,
I pray thee let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſſe
With ſome delight or other.
Sal. Do we ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Nerriſſa* and a Servitor.
Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtrait,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

Enter *Arragon*, his traine and *Portia*.
Por. Behold, there ſtand the Caskets noble Prince,
If you chooſe that wherein I am containd,
Straight ſhall our nuptiall rights be ſolemniz'd:
But if you faile, without more ſpeech my Lord
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.
Arra. I am enioynd by oath to obſerve three things,
Firſt, never to unfold to any one
Which Casket twas I choſe; next, if I faile
Of the right Casket, never in my life
To woo a maide in way of marriage:

Laſtly,

Laſtly, if I do faile in fortune of my choyſe,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.
Por. To theſe injunctions every one doth ſweare
That comes to hazard for my worthleſſe ſelfe.
Arr. And ſo have I addreſt me; fortune now
To my hearts hope: gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
You ſhall looke fairer ere I give or hazard.
What ſayes the golden cheſt, ha, let me ſee,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire,
What many men deſire, that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that chooſe by ſhow,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th'inheritour, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and rode of caſualty.
I will not chooſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jumpe with common ſpirits,
And ranke me with the Barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou ſilver treaſure houſe,
Tell me once more what title thou doeſt beare;
Who chooſeth me ſhall get as much as he deſerves:
And well ſaid to; for who ſhall go about
To couzen Fortune, and be honourable,
Without the ſtamp of merit, let none preſume
To weare an undeſerved dignity:
O that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchaſt by the merit of the wearer,
How many then ſhould cover that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be gleaned
From the true ſeed of honour? and how much honour
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varniſht; well, but to my choyſe.
Who chooſeth me ſhall get as much as he deſerves,
I will aſſume deſert; give me a key for this,
And inſtantly unlocke my fortunes heere.

Portio. Too